direction of becoming a humorist. And no one will cast sand-bars in his course or throw out snaggs to capsize him. He is a good fellow, as his literary personality is reflected in his writings; he rarely makes us coer, but a smile is irresistible in the course of most of his published pages. He is more of a wag than a wit. He has the humorous gift of fantastical satire. His newest book confirms all this, and as dust In the wind, or to continue the original metaphor, as a straw upon the waters. denotes the direction of the current

The new book is "The Pursuit of the Houseboat" The houseboat, as many will guess, is that unique craft on the besome shades of all the heroes, historical and fictitious. The present story is in the mature of a sequel to "The House on the Styx." If Mr. Bangs were to be requested to write his purpose for Mr. Wanamaker's interesting book magazine, he might give one or all of several replies. Perhaps he would confess the motive sord; in the premises, and say "cash." Or he might fall back on the relative reason, "to amuse, and mint cheerfully that he aimed to amuse himself, as well as possible readers. But it might be that his sense of humor has mped hard against the modern anomaly, the detective in fiction, and he wrote this book as an escape valve for some satirica sentiments which he evidently entertains on the subject. To be sure, he has made his entire storyon thismotif, butit is dominant, and the balance is artful and necessary

The tacts in the case are that the Club of Associated Shades one day missed the houseboat from its moorings At the same time all the shades feminine had disappeared together with the shades of Capt. Kidd, Sir Henry Morgan, Absuchapeta, and other famous pirates. It did not require the keen scent of the astute Mr. Sheriock Holiues to put two and two together, and infer that the pirates had pirated away the shades of Portia, Mrs. Nosh, Xanthippe, Deblah, Lucrezia Borgin, Queen Elizabeth, and the other amable ladies. But it did require all the acuteness of the great detective to track the pirates and their fair prisoners. He proceeds about this in a highly original and characteristic manner, which is gall and wormwood to the shades of Hawkshaw and Le Coq. The whole phantasy is a de licious morsel of satire on the detective in fiction in general, and on Mr Sherloca nes in particular.

The best-remembered points in the story are Suerlock Holmes'ingentous theory, built upon a cigar stub as to the identity of the principal ir alefactor and bisultimate destination, the discussion of the commercial aspect of social Bonizing and Madame Recamier' plan for a Salon Company (Limited); poor Charon's awkward position as represen of the House Boat Club, as well as of the Styx Navigation Company, and the cross examination of his feminine prisoners The curious idea of placing modern parlance and associating costoms with the heroes of all ages is a quaint conceit which Mr. Bangs handles excellently. (New York: Harper's. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop)

Between the intellectual conditions in France and the United States there is no merciy a moral and fraternal, but an actual and determinate affinity. The domina tive in social and artistic movement all through the century has been in each casthe striving for emancipation from ac cepted form.

This sympathetic affinity makes the re cent translation and publication of Georges Pellissier's "Literary Movement in France During the Nineteenth Century" a work of native importance. Objectively, the his tory of French literature must necessarily be indigenous to France, but subjectively or abstractly, in the mere consideration of the evolution of ideas and movements, there is peculiar similarity between it and This, and the present importnoce given the great work of an optimist by the consideration of his eminent friend, M. Brunetsere, recommend it to all students of the fruition of the declining cen-

In France, M. Pellissier points out, the era opened with the dominance of classi-It had been established and given nourishment by Boileau, Diderot, perdin de St Pierre and Rousseau. Andre Chenier came as a regenerator of poetry and the procursor of romanticism. opened path was traversed by the romantic leaders. Madame de Stael and Chates: briand. But classicism flourished col-laterally in the works of Delile, Raynourd, Ducis, Lebrun and Voltaire. romanticism completed its conquest coming of Hugo, Langartine, Vigny, Merwet, Gautier, Sainte-Beur and Duma This aspect of the literary movement suc cumbed finally to the advent of realist naturalism and passimism. Its disciples were and are Coppee, Taine, Renan, Miche let. Flaubert and Zola.

The analogy between our evolvement and France's is patent. Our classic period was grounded on the identical condition Impressed in the literature of England, which was our inspiration, until the advent of such contanticists as Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, and Longfellow. Their ideal-ism gave way directly to the naturalism realism of Emerson's philosophy. Howell's novels, Whitman's poetry, the expression of the modern journalism. art, drama, and pedagogy. The French may have been more self-centered in the source of their inspiration, but in our case as theirs the evolution has been identical

Pellissier defines the dividing lines between the lines and distinguishes the ading-strings with accurate minuteness It is indeed the admirable logic of history and the philosophy of his criticism which give to his work the unmistaable mark of durance as well as distinction. But the discursive denotements of the author are given in a few well-digested words in the worthy introduction of Anne Garrison Brinton, who has translated the work in

oner inducing the warmest praise part her condensation of her author in the expression of the philosophy of liter ary development. Classicism is distin ned by its releutless suppression the Ego, and its inherent optimism, its inpe to the real in respect to de tails and often limited in its conception of ideal. Then we have romanticism, with its ascendant Ego, and incurable melancholy, more general in its admittance of the details of reality and always up its conception of the ideal, lib eral in its application of formulas as as spiritual and sentimental in its Christianity. Finally we have realism, with uphant Ego and enervating pessim ism, as exclusive in its acceptance of the real as it is arrogant in its suppression of

M. Pellissier shows that Classicism b inspired by Greco-Latin antiquity; Romat ticism turns to medieval art; Realism Classicism, aiming at general truth, expresses the philosophical spirit; Romantiby artistic and religious sentim , seeking only exterior truth, is the the scientific spirit There fore, as the translator points out, generally eaking, Classicism is the triumph of art

John Kendrick Bangs is drifting in the | ciliate nature and art; with Realismitis he triumph of nature over art.

It is quite evident from his "Literary Movement" that M. Pellisier, like his compatriot, is at least a classicist. But he is not a scotimentalist absolutely. He is primarily a logician, a philosopher. He appreciates present conditions; he is cognizant of the actual facts which confront the searcher of conditions, and which must inevitably temper prophecy. His present animus, as well as his optimistic hope, are clearly expressed in the closing paragraphs. After acknowledging his belief in the actual ex-istence of Decadents, he disassociates realtone in search of truth from their real'son associated with sterile curiosity. ism is, in fact," he says "a loyal, virile effort towards truth. Let us free it from gratuitous violences and indecenc'es, and rather than oppose it to Idealism, let us introduce the ideal into what is Iundamentally real. It is a sane, direct, valiant conception of art, and the only form of art consistent with the critical scientific spirit of our times." (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Washington: Brentano.

"Dereticts" is a sort of melodrama in novel form. Of the two cousins, Everard and Stephan Chiseley, the former takes boly orders, the latter commits a crime and goes to prison. The unsinning brothe renounces the other. Stephan comes out of prison to battle against the stain which is upon him. The only one in the world who extends a sympathetic hand is a former friend, little Yvonne Latour, a concert singer. She has been married, but besinger. lieves her absent husband dead, by virtue of a notice which she has seen in a Paris Stephan, finding the odds too paper. goes to South Africa. Yvonn marries Canon Everard Chiseley. Then it is discovered that the first busband is He does not claim his wife; he is alive. och of a rake and he never loved her, but the canen has conscientious scruple against living with a woman with snother living bushand. He offers her everything that he has but himself, and begs her to permit him to return to her as soon as he may. Finally, the good news comes to him that he may again claim his wife. He goes to her and finds that his cousin has returned from Africa, has found Yvonne in distress, and is caring for her. In the hearts of Yvonne and Stephanthere is a conscious but unspoken love When the canon claims Yvonne, the separation from Stephan is too much for her, and sl marries him in preference to resurning to the canon (New York: John Lane, Wash ington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

The latest of the Jenness Miller put lications is a pamphlet on "Physical Beauty;" how to obtain it and how to preserve it. This is a subject dear to nearly every woman, and if Mrs. Miller's lextimony on these "hows" is not fallible her book will have an incalculably large sale. She has studied the subject long and patiently, and there is a probability that she understands her topic. If experiment corroborates the prescription then this little volume will at once jump to astonishing eminence. It treats all the ave nues to physical perfection through care of skin, eyes, hair, teeth, hands and feet, through the medium of dress, food, sleep and entilation Then there is a chapter on Man's Sphere." For the information of woman? (Washington: Jenness Miller.)

The author of "The World and a Man and "A Drama in Dutch," neither of which has been so popular in America as in their native England, appeals again t the rending public with a little piece of fiction just big enough to slip confortably into the side pocket and I ght enough net to make itself felt in an impressively cum-The aforesaid author bersome manner. The aforesaid author doesn't disclose his or her name, nor Lis or her sex, which is niways, a distressing nuisance in trying to speak correctly of or herself "Z. Z." The book is called "The Beautiful Miss Brooke." It is a pretty, correctly written trifle in light fiction, dean and honest, narrating the story of an American girl who trapped good sort of an English chap into falling in love with her, and then told him deliberately, or as she says, "honestly, that she doesn't love him and can't, and will not marry him. This happened in Paris The jilted 'un takes a long walk, and goes home to England to marry a girl who ha waited for him, conveniently. If that's the sort of a story you like, you'll like this one. (New York: Appleton's, Washington: Brentano.)

"Did the Pardon Come too Late?" is the aterrogative title of a kindly little book by Mrs. Bailington Booth. It relates her religious work with a convict. It is a tender and touching little memorial of a chapter in two lives, that of the devoted missionary who brought the victory, and that of a social criminal but spiritual vic Not alone is the narrative an inter esting bit of actual history, but it is a piece of consoling religious literature, and it displays the practical workings of one of the disciples of the Salvation Army (New York, Flening H. Revell Co. Wash ington, Woodward & Lothrop.)

The blowershiest side of oners calns to interest with the constant growth of the music-drama, and this is denoted by the of Wagner," through Dent in London and the Lippincetts here. The author is Hous ton Stuart Chamberlain, of Vienna. His work appears in both German and English. It is said to be an intimate revelation of the character of Wagner, whose life was full of romantic episodes. Many rich photo gravures and other illustrations, hard for the unelect to secure, enrich the text and there are reproductions from the score of each opera, which will delight both music lovers and autograph collectors.

A sumptuous book announced by th Lippincotts on the country dear to Kipling is "Picturesque Burma. Past and Present. It is a full repository of history, manners, costumes. landscape, domestic and publi life, and religious forms, and does for this side of the Orient in a practical way what Kipling's pen has done in an artistic way. There are promised ten exquisite photogravures of living types, two maps, besides. The cover design follows a frag ment of Oriental tapestry and completes a elegant and useful work.

There is not a great deal of first-clas fictitious literature built against the background of the civil war. The military has been very effectively used of the stage by many of our best dramatists as in "Shenandoah," by Bronson Howard, "Heart of Maryland," by David Belasco. "Held by the Enemy," and "Secret Serv ice," by William Gillette, and "The Gir I Left Rehind Me." by Franklin Fyles Mr. F. A. Mtchell has, however, writte extensively and entertainingly on the civil war. He is a son of Major Gen. Ornshy M. Mitchell, who died during the war, one of the bravest and mos

"Chickamauga," and "Sweet Revenge." The last is a recently published novel, written around a Union officer, Major Branderstane, who was wounded by a gueerilla while souting in Alabama. Taken to the house of Mr. Stanforth, he ner cousin, Jacquiline Rutland, followed nim. Helped by them, he escaped from errillas, who tried to retake him and the girls Confederates, from whem Branderstane esaped again and joined the Union forces In turn he was able to belp the Stanforths, and after the war he married Mary, (New York: Harpers. Washington: Woodward

The Pope has completed a Latin poem of eighty stanzas, pointing out the duties of frugality and the evils of gluttony. It is said to be full of charm and quiet humor. His holiness says: "Pay attention before all to cleanliness. Ust the table appointments be spotless, the glass bright, and napery immaculate, and that from the cellar comes the purest wine of the Albanian bills, which exhibi-rates the spirits and keeps away trouble, but don't trust Bacchus, so don't be frugal in diluting wine with water." He con-

able result is Miss Ellen Glasgow, of Richmond, Va. The value of her book as a piece of creative work is heightened by by a guerrilla while scouting in Alabama.

Taken to the house of Mr. Stanforth, he met his host's daughter, Mary. He was always an omnivorous reader, and had the kidnaped by the guerrillas, and Mary and her county to the present the county of the county sion which she admits she has never qu outgrown. She says herself that she re-members learning to read in order to enjoy unassisted the pages of Grimm's Tales and of Sir Walter Scott. By the time she was thirteen she had learned to love Rol ert Browning, and he has never lost the first place among poets in her heart, al-though Swiebarne holds a close second. This imaginative development was perhaps no more than one often sees in a bright child. But in Miss Glasgow's case

here was much more. At the age of eighteen she began a sys tematic study of political economy and so She read the works of Draper, Ruckle, Lecky, Gibbon, Romanes, Weland many others, and was strongly influ-enced by John Stuart Mill-an influence that declares itself chearly in "The Descend-ant" It was almost a matter of course that she should be an ardent disciple of Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer and diluting wine with water." He con-nes: "Obtain from healthy grain well brought her mind to a point where her imcooked bread Eat sparingly of chicken, agination was held in check, although not



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER,

to the body. Meat should be tender and without abundant sauces or vegetables, which spoil it.

"Fresh eggs are excellent, whether raw or slightly cooked. Drink an abundant or signify coxet. First a quantity of foaming milk. It nourishes infants and assists old age. Also honey, that celestial gift. But of this frugully. "Add to these sweet herbs, fresh vegetables and garden supplies. Add ripe fruit, according to season, especially ten-der apples, which, with their pink tints,

brighten the banquet.
"Lastly comes drink, which in hard seeds of Mocha sends you a softly-sipping. black liquor that comforts the heart." The Pope adds that by following these precepts a man may live to a healthy,

strong and good old age. The second part of the poem consists in a graphic description of a banquet which is largely composed of cysters, high-spiced ventson and pate de foie gras, "at the end of which there are sometimes strife and contention, and almost aiways bodily disorders."

Mr. W. W. Appleton has just returned from his annual trip abroad, with the MS. of Mr. Hall Caine's new story, "The Christian," under his arm. Mr. Appleton is described by a London paper as a "tall, distinguished-looking man, whose pers appearance and style remind one of Mr. S. B. Bancroft. He is an entertaining talker. and has a keen perception of what is gen uinely good and promising in the literature of today. He is one of the most enterprising of transatiantic publishers, and has an able permanent representative in London in the person of Dr. G. W. Sheldon."

Rumorsof Mark Twaln'sprecarious health and impoverished condition have again reached this country from London. As a matter of fact, Mr. Clemens is in good health again, and living in a pleasant apartment in Cheisen. His book has been finished, and he intends to spend the st mer in Austria, with his family. On May 27 Mr. Clemens dined with a few friends including Mr. Nelson, editor of Harper's Weekly, and the London correspondent of the Associated Press. "His hair is almost white, but his face has a good color, his eyes are bright, and his figure is upright and alert. He talked entertaining all the evening about his travels, his book and his experiences in London.

"Zola having been told that Brunetiere had, in a lecture delivered in New York, criticised with a severity of denunciation which almost equaled political invective the writings of Zola, made no reply," says Leslie's Weekly. "There was none for him to make. He could have done no more than again to defend his methods and ideals He could not deny Brunetiere's authority, nor could be justly accuse that profound French critic of personal animosity. The first essential for true literary criticism, Brunetiere declared in one of the American lectures recently given, is that the critic absolutely divests himself of all personal feeling, either of friendship or enmity. His great authority, his kingship, in the realm of literary criticism, is due partly to the fact that he is known always to approach his subject absolutely free from any per-sonal bias, unhampered, and at full libhis subject absolutely free from any crty to tell the truth."

Less than three months ago there appeared, among the books issued by Messrs. Harper & Bros., an anonymous novel bearing the title of "The Descendant" The truth that a strong book is bound to mand attention was exemplified in this case, for, although "The Descendant" had had little preliminary advertising, it was pounced upon by the reviewers at once. Some of the critics were conten to call it interesting, others stigmatized it as painful or morbid. No one accused it of weakness. There were naturally many speculations as to its authorship, the majority inclining to the belief that it was the work of a man. One wellknown bookman declared that it bore every evidence of having come from the hand of the author of "The Damnation of Theron Ware."

But Christine Terhune Herrick inform us through the Critic that the book is not only by a woman, but by a young Except for the last few chapters promising of the generals. Associated with hisfather as captain and aide-de-camp, he has actual experience of an invaluable character. His principal books are "Chat-

lamb and beef, which are most nourishing fettered, by her scientific training. As one who knows her intimately says of her. "Law and the workings of planomena by law became her point of view." All this abstract science has been unable, he wever to basish the inborn love of stories. To this day Mes Glasgow finds her greatest intellectual enjoyment in a fine novel, and it seems almost a matter of course that Thomas Hardy should be to her the first of all novelists, living or dead, although it is less clear why she should prefer "Jud the Obscure "No may of his other books it is a far cry from Barny to another prime favorite of hers. Lafendio Hearn, and one more readily understands why her special favorites among pavels should be "Les Mix erables," "Vanity Fair" and "Anna Karenina "

With all the work Miss Glasgow has done, she has had iftile time for social Society does not attract her especially, and she is quiet and reserved in company, although when her interest or sympathy is awakened the ready Southern cordiality warms her manner. But, better than all social contact, she loves her books and spinials. Even the birds of the air are ber pets, and their clamor at her window often sends her flying from her desk to the pantry, to secure the supply of crumbs they have learned to expect from her hands. While "The Descendant" is Miss Glasgow's first published work, her wromg is no new thing. By the timeshe could read in words of two syllables she had begun to scritble verses. While a mere git she wrote a novel. When it was completed she had the rare discernment to perceive that, if strong in parts, as a whole it fell short of what she believed she could be complish, and she did not even attempt to publish it. Although "The Descendant" was not produced without deep thought, it was a thoroughly spontaneous work written with absolute sincerity and pas-sionate absorption. It can scarcely be toubted that the woman who, as a girl could show the self-restraint to refuse to offer to the public a book she believed to be below her best powers, will have the conrure to decline to produce new work so quickly as to endanger the reputation she has already won.

In "Corporation Finance" Mr. Thomas L. L. Greene, auditor of the Manhattan Trus Company of New York city has prepared a little study of the principles and methods of the management of finances of corporations in this country, with special reference to the valuation of corporation securities It is an interested enlightener to the unin itiated in the maze of up-to-date financies ing, and should prove of great value to in restors who wish to determine the value of the stocks and bonds of corporations in which they may be interested. Says the au thor in the preface: "Before there can be any intelligent discussion of the problem which arise in the management of corporations it is necessary that there shall be a wider knowledge of the objects sought in corporation financiering, and of the practical reasons which have led to the policy persued in the United States, together with its results." He offers suggestions which will prove of service to the large class of usiness men and lawyers wit infrequently called upon to deal with the incorporation or the administration of an industrial undertaking. The chapter headings disclose the treatment of the following topics: Bonds and stocks, forms of corporate enterprise, railway bonds, subsidiary com-panies and their securities, corporation accounts, the examination of rallway reports public policy toward corporation profits and corporation reorganizations and receiverships. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons Washington: Brentano.)

Didn't Know an Old Friend. "It's a butterfly," said one of the young-ters, decisively. " 'Taint," answered one sters, decisively. of his companions, just as decisively; "it's a bedbug." "No, it's no bedbug," shouled a third; "it's a spider!" The three boys were looking through a microscope which had been conveniently placed just inside the show window of a well-known Smithfield street opticinn's store. It was little wonder the youngsters were interested; a side light made the view most wonderful. The time being 9 in the evening it was a little difficult to decipher the inscription placed just below the film. But a little screening of the eyes enabledone to make out that it was the head of a full-grown to the microscope was bei used to exploit. -Pittsburg Dispatch,

A BARROOM TALE. The Saloon Man's Dilemma and the ing a pretty and lithe-limbed danseuse ca

pered nimbly upon the stage. Instantly the Shan was all attention. He feasted his eyes on the gyrating form, and even forgot his kingly dignity in his admiration for the actress. Persia's proud ruler sat in front of the Scot, who was the only occurred of the box when his party arrived.

pant of the box when his party arrived

feet the Scot's vision was obscured

When his cothustasm carried him to his

Shah or no Shah the Scot had paid to see

"Laying a heavy hand on the shoulder

the Shah even more than his heavy hand MacKenzie, the laird of Kintoul, was a

name that lodged in his memory, the more because with it was associated the promise

of sights to the Persian vet unknown. A

few months thereafter it befell that the

Shah, in the course of his trip through the

clan, and the Shah went out of his course

to meet him and remind him of his

"The highland chief is the soul of honor

the feminine throng and a pretty lassi

during his visit in Queen Victora's de

one of the subjects of neighborly gossip." St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Americans We Are Interested In.

New York, has viewed the city, and especially

about it he seems not to have divulged; at least no newspaper has printed any au-

thoritative expression of his sentiments Mr. Beauettis one of two American citizens

whose preference for living abroad excits

a good deal of interest in the minds of their

countrymen. The other one is Mr. William

Americans, who live abroad without th

least disturbance of the equanimity of their fellow-citizens at home, but with Mr.

Bennett and Mr. Astor it is different

There seems to be so much to interest and

retain them in this country that the average

American is surprised at the continuousn

of their preference to live elsewhere. No doubt the whole secret of it is that the

Hke to live where they can have the mos

with that comprehensible sentiment then

may be a conviction that since the looker

on sees most of the game, there are certal

advantages in keeping at such a distance

from the work which one directs as to b

free from over-distraction by details, and

able to concentrate attention on vital

To all appearances Mr. Bennett's news

paper and Mr. Astor's real estate business prosper in their absence, yet each

of these non-resident proprietors is cred-ited with activity and shrewdness in the

management of his property and with careful supervision of all that his agents

to Mr Astor is as much credited with

building the Walderf Hotel as though be

had personally stood over its construc-tion, and Mr. Bennett is a much cred

ited with building the New York Herali

building and removing his newspapers up town, and with all the recent innova-

tions in the management of his properties, including the owls that wink and

the bronze automatons that strike the

there are Americans who conduct then

selves quite as much like persons in the

Mr. Bennett and Mr. Astor, but they are

not so inseparately connected with large quasi-public interests as those gentle-

en, and therefore are not so constantly

present in the public mind. Mr. Bennett

and Mr. Aster are interesting men, and to

wonder. The man who does just as h

darn pleases, and has abundant means to

do it with, ought to be interesting to ob

servers, even though he may often grow

iresome to himself.-Harper's Weekly.

The American Decision.

'Ah. God! how lone?" hear stricken Cube

cry,
"Wasted my fields, my homes in ruin lie;
My sons are slain because they stand by

Each day, each hour dots witness some great wrong— Ah, God, who justice loves, how long, how long?"

What cry was that?" asks a Jingo, half

Who these complaints in woful accents

Ah. Cuba, thou? thy plight is said to see Tell me again, my friend, what affect

'Nav. nav" with deprecating voice, cried

Trade:
Mere bandits these who all this noise

who prate of freedom while they burn

Nor care that I must for their folly pay.

Ob, ye who have your freedom gained,

Believe her not," quick Interrupted

"Silence, O Trade!" the Jingo cried aloud, So loud that he was heard from sea to sea, So loud that all the mountains answered

And then I saw about his form was wrapped

The Stave and Stripes, and in his hand he held

Aloft the same glad emblem, and a light Was on his face, as 'twere the face of God.

O Trade." he cried, "I know you from

Know how those principles men hold

seled, sir, and keep from this vile

awake.

slay

way

My daughters sold to brutal soldiery

fue, but one may conjecture that ble

Waldorf Aster. There are thousands of

of Kintonl's invitation still rung in

the show, and see the show he propose

Captain's Solution. the East Chicag, avenue police tion the other day Capt. Scheuettler grew weary of questioning witnesses and consolling with the inspector on the importnorth side sausage factory. He leaned back comfortably and his eyes

sought the celling in a Way which was ample warning he was about to tell a

When I used to be captain of this station about nine years ago," he began, "there was a worthy old German kept a quiet, cool little beer garden not very far up Wells street It was very respectable, as were the people who patronized it. Among those who came to sip the great German bever age was a wealthy Prossian, well along in years, and a liberal hand to spend money for his friends. He was accounted the best customer who visited the place. But he had a son, and this son had neither the nor the smiable qualities of father. He had a hearty way of walking saloon of an evening when his respectable father was at home and ordering drinks for everybody in sight. The lame the halt and the blind he invited to im hibe with him. The old and poverty strick-en he placed by the side of the trembling . If anybody dared to demur to his invitation, he either pulled him to the ba or administered a good and sufficient whip ping to the offending party. Then he re-fused to pay for what he had ordered or, rather, left the subject alone, with nigh and lofty contempt.

The keeper of the place finally came to me. 'I don't want to haf dot boy arrested.' he complained, but, mine gootness, he viil sp didereputation of mine saloons. He order all my imborted lager and Rhine vine and if I speak he say be vill break minehead and all ne body into bieces. If I haf him arrested his fader vill stay away from me and I don't know vat to do. I said I would fix it and I did. I had

an acquaintance who was doing a boxing turn in a south side theater at the time. He was a long, stender, weak-looking fei low, with great, sad, brown eyes, but how he could box! He had these long arms and muscles that did not 'lump', but were like so much steel. Much practice had made lim

as quick as a cat.
"I stated my proposition to him, and s one night a tall young man, wearing a high collar, a light overcoat, and all the other acconferments that earn the title of "dude" for a man, put in his appearance. I intro-duced him to the saloonkeeper, and then re-tired to a table in a secluded corner. Pretty soon the big German bully entered, and in shout five nanutes had made himself thor oughly obnoxious. He was ordering the sxond round of drinks when he noticed Jim-that was the toxer's name-and of erved with a sneer. 'Step up and have a dunk like a man and with a man, dudey

"Dudey gave a little bitch to his flaring seckie, and said that he did not care for drink with a stranger. 'You don't ch?' and he gave the gentle and inoffensive-looking Jim a hearty

"Just then something happened-Jim's hat was off and the bully was nursing a wounded nose. He went for Jim, who had

struck a scientific attitude and was enjoying the situation. He sailed in like of buil there was the swish of two nighty fists which swung harmlessly over Jim's head and then a neat uppercut put six feet of human being on the floor. his endurance was as great as his fury. Five times be jumped from the floor where a dainty fist had put him and five nes he went down, finally for good.
"Jim was breathing a little heavily, but had not been seriously hurt. One of the big fellow's terrific swings had bruised his

m, but nothing more.
"Jim was arrested, but the \$10 fine which a knowing justice gave him did not come from his pocket. After that there was not a more quiet and orderly costs mer garden than the erstwhile bully. He always raid for his drinks, and it is said that to this day he will walk blocks out of his way to avoid a neat dresser, and rather than insist he will drink alone. He never knew the trick that was werked on him, and today his name is something of a power in State and

local politics. "And all this goes to show, boys," said Capt. Schuettler to the listening crowd. that a good licking is better medicine for some fellows than a fine It was not business to preserve peace in the precinct and in this instance I think I did the right thing Good resulted all around."-Chicago News.

Safe From Perdition.

It was evidently his first experience or a railroad train, and he was as full of exa berance and excitement as a small boy on circus day. He started to walk down th aisle just as the express struck a pretty sharp curve, and the sudden swerve ried him off his feet and tumbled him into a seat on top of a dergyman, who had been trying to enjoy a cat-nap between stations.

The rural traveler extricated himself a soon as possible, and, without making any apology to the minister, began swearing with a volobility which proved him an ex pert in profanity. The clergyman bore this for a while in silence, and then, touching the farmer's elbow, quictly said: "Stop! My friend, do you know where you are going? If you don't, I tome tell you. You nd your immortal som are bound straight for perdition."

'Well," said the farmer, confidentially "do you know. I rather mistrusted this blamed thing right from the start, so ! bought a round-trip ticket."-Chicago

The Latest in Postage Stamps. "Have you any postage stamps?" she

said to the drug clerk

'm. Twe-cent stamps?' "Ye.

"How many, please?"

"What flavor?" "Flavor? What do you mean?"
"Well, we have them with the muciling in different flavors-peppermint, winter green, vanilla, strawberry, lemon. Some people like one kind and some another, but

nearly everybody objects to the flavor of the Government muchage, so we flavor our stamps to suit our customers. Of course we make a charge for our work, but we find a growing demand for flavored stamps. "How do you sell them? "Two-cent stamps, 5 cents each."

She expressed her great satisfaction with the improvement, and said she'd take five stamps, strawberry flavored.-Har per's Bazar

The Shah in Scotland.

"When I was at the Paris exposition," said Malcolm Duncan, of Glasgow, yester-day, "the Shah of Persia was one of the honored guests. He was a good soul-Western civilization had made an impression on him, and no ruler in the Orienthad s profounder respect for the Wonders thu British and American genius have ac complished Western tra had no more liberal or intelligent patron than this same Shah. Persia lost a lib eral ruler when the assassin's bullet laid him low; but this has naught to do with

"One night the Shah visited one of the French theaters of the lower grade. When he arrived the house was full. The Oriafforded, but that was not even one exclusive box. The Shah and his friends were ushered into one of the front boxes. In it sat a typical Scotchman, stald and solnn as his race. In the course of theeresWHERE BEASTS COME TO DRINK

Strange Sights Seen by an Old Prospector in Arizona.

"The weirdest spot on earth is the Canon of Tres Alamos (three cotton woods), and is lies hidden in the fastness of mountains the most barren and forbidding in the Territory of Artzona. A cold spring pours out of the olid rock and chattersits way noisily down thenarrow canon. Here at the dead of night, come the beasts of the barren mountains for mies around to drink of the running waters. of the Oriental despot, the Scot said. If you ever come to Scotland ask for Mac-Kenzie, the laird of Kintoul. He'll show you better things than Paris ever saw."

"The carnestness of the Scot impressed And here, lying quietly in the assemlight, I have been a silent spectator of some of the queerest sights that man's eyes ever beheld. I have seen the deer and the wildcat and the coyotes and the tufted lynx, and even a lumbering cinnamon bear or two, come here to drink. I have lain quite still in the moonlight and watched them for hours, and there is no more fascia tacle to be seen in the open."

The man who spoke has seen some wild British Isles, visited Scotland. The laird sights in his day, too, for he is one of the ears. Inquiry revealed that MacKenzie was the head of a numerous and powerful oldest prospectors in Arizona. He came into Phoenix the other day from Tres Alamos, and in the evening he went south and east to the new diggings at the S. H. Mountains in Yama county. Every naning man on the coast knows L. J. Court. Court. He felt complimented by the visit, and in duty bound to make good his promise. The is a strange character. He has made some money out of his ceaseless and tireless prospecting, and has a score of more of fair lassies for all the country round were assembled in the laird's ancestral castle claims staked out in different parts of the Territory. He is an intelligent man of not Five hundred young women towed their slippers skyward at the first note of the

a little education.
"It's a wonderful country," he went on. Scotch bagoipe. The 500 plaid-clad forms gyrated through the movements of an old-fashloned highland fling. Those thousand "and no man ever set foot into a Wilder There are three cottonwood trees feet that stole boldly out and then mod-estly retired beneath the shelter of Scowhere the spring pours out of the nick, and along the backs of the creek accurany tin's national colors, made a sight which willows. Near the spring is a level spot of ten acres. The first algut I camped the harems of the Sultan and the feasts of the East could not equal. The Shah was captivated. He glided into the midst of there because I was tired. But after that I stayed on for two weeks because of the wonderfully weird charm of the place. The who is now married to a Glasgow ship builder has the honor of being the only walls of the canon are marvels of conglomerate malpais or lava. There's gold, iron, copper, cobblestone, granite, marble, sandatone and silver ore all ground up in roman with whom Persia's ruler danced In my part of Scotland the Shan a mountainous mass that is as hare of vegetation as the day it poured from the and his visit to the laird of Kintoul is still heart of the earth. It was vomited forth in the most hideous shapes imaginable, and seen in the moonlight these shapes take on all kinds of horrible and Wonderful aspects. Its a region Worth traveling Mr. James Gordon Bennett has been to iles to see, and you can reach itin a day's the new home of his newspaper in it, and has gone away again. What he thought

lope from Congress. "But the average man who goes there will not see what I saw in the moonlight. I'll tell you how the deer came to drink-it's the prettiest sight in the world. The first night I was on the point of going to sleep, when I heard a snort from the top of the bluff above me. I looked, and there was a big buck with magnificent antiers standing on the very brink, his dusky figure sharply outlined against the sky. In a moment his sport was answered by the patter of many feet, and he was surrounded by a pack of deer. I counted eighteen in The big buck ventured cautiously down the lava slope, and when half way he halted, tossed his antiers about as ha sniffed the air, and then gave another nusical sport. At this signal on came the rest of the pack. They halted just behind him. Then he ventuced further down, and presently stood so close to me that I could have hit him with a pistol shot. Here he haited again, again tossed his head up and down, right and left, then gave another snort, and the rest of the pack came up. Three times in this way they haited. Always the buck noted as scout, and no ne advanced till he gave the signal.

"Arrived at the water, the book waded in a few steps, then signalled for the others to advance and drink. And while they drank he fell back of them several yards and stood there as guard until they had finished. Such an alert scout n being ever made. And there was a world of pride and dignity in him as hestood there and watched and waited. Surely he realized that the fate of the entire pack depended upon him, and his honors and re-sponsibilities sat heavily upon him. It took the pack perhaps ten or fifteen min utes to satisfy its thirst. Then it moved back from the water and stood near the ney Now it was the buck's turn to drink. He strode forth, bent his head and drew in great draughts of the cool water. But be drank with his dignity still upon him. The pack waited for him, and whenhe was from New York than Newport. No doubt once more at its head there was a wild

scramble up the jagged sides of the bluff. "I was festinated by the spectacle and resolved to witness it again. So I stayed mother night. The performance was repeated exactly. Again on the third night they came to drink in the same way, and the next night and the next, and so on. till it dawned upon me that I must quit loafing and get back to work. Of course, the deer scented me at once and knew all along just where I lay, but I kept very

still and they did not seem to mind "The smaller animals came at all times of the night, and the smaller they were the more noise they made. The foxes were the styest of all and the most timid. They go on a dead run all the time, but their beads always wriggling from side to side. The first time they sniffed my presence at camp they made a wild scan back to cover behind the rocks, but presently they ventured out again, and, after three or four essays, they finally came

down and drank "I saw only one bear. He was a pretty big fellow, but I have seen jots bigger. He can down the bluff like a big pig. his nose roo ingin the ground at ever step. No. I wasn't afraid of him. There isn't an animal in in America, I believe, that will touch man unless man makes the attack. He came within a few yards of me, stood still and stared at me. I met his gaze calmly, and, I believe, fearlessly. Then he went on to the water, waded boldly in, and drank his fill. Of all the animals that came to drink there only this gruff and daring old cinnamon bear went about business fearlessly. Even the coyotes and bob cats moved cautiously, and hear me,"
Poor Cuba cried, "that lieth at your door
Panting for life. I did aspire to be
But free: for this great crime I'm have turned tail and scampered off if I had stirred about. But Brain wasnot that kindof an animal. I have never seen a timid bear in this country. We don't shoot bears in t did but seek the rights your Washington and his compatriots for the world have were Arizona, you know. I meet them frequently on my trips, and can handle a rifle as well as most men, but I never shoot. Often we have met face to face on a narrow trail, and in these cases I have always acted politely and stepped as de to let Mr. Brainpass, Inever dispute the way with abear, nor court Believe not aught she says-the lying an untimely end by firing my gun when a Her rights, indeed!-the right to rob and bear is in sight. Is all she stands for, and to thwart my

"I prospected in the region a little, but in a day or so I saw there could be nothing located there. The lava is of too recent a date, and the conglor gether too conglomerated to be of any use whatever. In the early days there was a picket post at Tres Alamos, and the larger bluff back of the spring is the famous Signal Butte that you have read about in Capt. King's novel by that name. You can't imagine what a weird and uncanny spot it is in the moonlight, nor what entrancing sights I have witnessed there when the deer, the bear, the lynx, the coyote and the fox come out of their hiding places in the dead of night and drink at the springs."

The Delights of the Effete Past.

most dear,
And friends, and country, you have always sold. A Grafton man had a letter the other day from an Eastern uncle, who said he was making up his mind to come to North Back to your native dust, and hide you there,
For I am stirred. This cry of the opprest,
And 'gainst it the oppressor's vengeful Dakota to live. He thought he would be well adapted to the climate having lived And games it the oppressor's tengeral shoots.

Doth move me as in seventy-six. No rest Can come to me until I've driven out The Spaniard from this isle: until I wipe The Spanish name from out our Westnext door to an icehouse for seventeen years and had slept in the same house with a man who was practicing on a trombone.
As to his ability to rustle, he had for nine The Spanses ern sea.

In words of one who was my prototype.

By the Eternall Cubs shall be free!

FRANK LORRAINE. years but the entire charge of twenty seven bens, one of them being lame. -Grafton N.